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W. R. HEARST.

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CHANDLER'S
FINANCIAL
VIEWS.

In an article published in the National Review of London, and in a supplementary interview in the Journal yesterday, Senator Chandler reiterates all that has been charged against gold monometallism by the most positive of the free silver agitators, and goes one step beyond the American silverite in urging the re-establishment of the free coinage of silver not at Bryan's ratio of 16 to 1, but at the former European ratio of 15½ to 1. He declares that the American people have come to believe "that the quantity of real money, and not the money which must be redeemed in some other money, determines the prices of the world's commodities; that the demonetization of half the world's real money is slowly reducing prices and crushing debtors, and that the use of only gold as non-redeemable money is placing the great instrument of exchange in commerce upon such a narrow basis that the present depression in production and trade will continue, with occasional and temporary reactions, for an indefinite period, and with manifold evils to the human race the world over."

Believing this, however, the American people have distinctly refused, as Senator Chandler points out, to accept immediate and independent free coinage as a cure for these evils. It is accordingly interesting to see what he, as an influential member of the now dominant party in the nation, believes will be the remedy applied.

To begin with, Senator Chandler desires another international monetary conference called, and that at once. He would not wait for the coming in of the new Administration, but would have a joint resolution passed by the present Congress so that it might be ready for McKinley on his accession to office. To this there could be no possible objection, except from the comparatively few who sincerely believe in absolute gold monometallism. The one cause of the demand for the independent coinage of silver by the United States was the belief that nothing in the way of an international agreement could be obtained. Those who were loudest in that demand will still interpose no obstacle to the effort to accomplish an international agreement if the effort is made, as Senator Chandler says it should be, by "honorable men who will not let the matter drop."

Real bimetalists, who are not blinded by party affiliations, will find encouragement in Senator Chandler's optimism. European bimetalists, he says, "need not believe that the election of McKinley and Hobart by overwhelming majorities is a decision to permanently accede to the single gold standard." This assurance will perhaps be more pleasing to European bimetalists than to Mr. Platt and the very vigorous band of Republican monometallists in the Northeastern States. Nor is it likely that the public men and journals, Republican and sound money Democrat alike, that have been declaring bimetalism dead, and its very name a lie, will applaud this assertion of Senator Chandler.

That the United States is opposed to the single gold standard and is in favor of retreating, in due course and with careful regard to the national honor, the steps taken in the demonetization of silver, until both gold and silver shall be admitted to free coinage at the ratio of 15½ to 1, and made the standard money of the world and the measure of the values of the world—a proposition which would receive the suffrages of four-fifths of our voters, if this proposition alone could be fairly presented to them, even without further debate.

Patriotic people, not wearing either the crown or the fetters of plutocracy, will applaud Senator Chandler's apparent desire to break down the gold fetish. The question of honest money—which is not money based on gold alone—is a question which transcends mere party ambitions, which breaks down party lines. Bimetalism will be as great a boon to the nation if it come through Republican agencies as if Democracy had established it. But while wishing Chandler godspeed in his enterprise, we may yet warn him that in his new programme he will have to encounter bitter antagonism within his own party—may even, in fact, see a "sound money Republican" faction created to accomplish his overthrow.

BETTER
RESTORE
CAPTAIN MAHAN.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney's approaching dinner in honor of the distinguished Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who was recently retired from active duty in the navy, will be a graceful tribute to the man who has contributed so much instruction to the sea powers of the world. For not only was Captain Mahan a brave, gallant and efficient officer, but he has won greater distinction for himself and reflected greater credit on the service by his valuable contributions to the historical literature of naval warfare. His famous work entitled "The Influence of Sea Power on History" would alone suffice to place him at the head of philosophical inquirers into this interesting and momentous subject. But he is the author of several other books almost equally important, and is now engaged upon still others of high promise, among them a "Life of Nelson," which, there is reason to hope, will be somewhat different from the fascinating but inadequate demi-romance of Southey.

It was that he might give his whole time and strength to these productions that, with true literary unwisdom, he asked to be retired, though if he had continued on the active list for only one year longer he could have been retired with a commodore's rank and pay. To his manly modesty it did not occur to ask for leave of absence, which would have enabled him to take advantage of this fact. He asked to be retired, and retired he was on November 17. But it is not too late to correct this manifest error on the part of the country, which has a source of praiseworthy pride in Captain Mahan. He could be restored to the active list and given leave of absence until the day of his promotion arrived. This action certainly ought to be taken. It would be a small reward for Captain Mahan's services to naval science and literature.

Mr. Henry Watterson is no longer young, and like most men who have lived a long time and taken a keen interest in public affairs, he is disposed to think that the world is going to the dogs. Men were braver and higher-minded and more patriotic and women more beautiful before Mr. Watterson had gray hair. He mourns the decadence in these among other gloomy sentences:

In 1800 we were a few millions of people and we loved liberty. In 1900 we are nearly a hundred millions of people and we love money. Moreover, individually and collectively, we have a great deal of money. Most of this money is invested in what are called corporations. From a handful of individuals we have become a nation of institutions. The individual counts for less and less, organizations for more and more. It is the idiosyncrasy of the age we live in.

There is no disputing the truth of that, but it furnishes no reason for despair. Every nation subject to modern influences has gone in for money making as well as ourselves. Now they are exhibiting the natural fruits of the

democratic spirit and the wonderful mechanical inventions which have so prodigiously increased human power of production. In this century the better part of the race has bent its mind and energies exclusively to improving its material condition. Unquestionably the standard of physical comfort has been greatly raised and, unquestionably again, ideals have become more practical. That is merely to say that there is some loss to set off against the mighty gain. The tendency unmistakably is still toward sordidness. But a student of history like Mr. Watterson should not be cast down by phenomena which are necessarily ephemeral. Whether work is done by hand or steam, whether men struggle for glory or for money, human nature remains the same, and its essential qualities are sure to assert themselves in the long run. A reaction from the prosaic is sure to come, and we shall have again ideals that warm the imagination and stir the blood, ideals which decline to reconcile themselves with the theory that money making is the most reasonable, the noblest occupation in which man can engage.

The nineteenth century has been given over to the making of things. It is easily thinkable that the twentieth century will wake up and set itself the task of finding out how things may be more equitably divided. Not how to get rich, but how to be happy, is life's permanent conundrum, and it is not to be answered by machinery.

The sense and sentiment of humanity can be relied on to bring it out of the phase of development which Mr. Watterson mistakes for degradation. What he feels as to the dangers of concentrating wealth, the diminution of the importance of the individual and the dominance of the purse, an increasing minority of men of thought and masculine instincts feel. They are the sign of the better, the more rational, the more manly time coming. Mr. Watterson has been over in Europe a good while in older civilizations than this, and the environment has depressed his American spirits. A few weeks in Louisville will tone him up and restore his confidence in the capacity of the people of this Republic to work out their salvation in spite of the trusts and syndicates and other products of a social state which, like all other social states, evolves evil along with good.

John E. Redmond, one of the Irish followers of Charles Stewart Parnell in Parliament and out of it, told a New York audience Sunday night some interesting anecdotes of that remarkable man. But interesting as they were, they were made more so by the mode of their delivery, for through their veil the speaker's deep and almost reverential affection for the great obstructionist shone clear. Few men have been so well loved and so well hated in their lifetime—almost no man has been so well loved and so well hated in his grave—as Parnell was and is. Toward him the English felt as Tiberius exultantly asserted the Romans felt toward him—"they hated while they feared." On the other hand, the Irish Catholics, with whom he had nothing in common, loved him as the Irish have loved nobody since Swift. The reason is evident. He was temperamentally the most un-English of men. Irish politics has generally been the expression of an inward turbulence. In Parnell's hands it was a mathematical problem, pitilessly worked out. Irish politicians had been of two kinds. Either they swaggered in taverns and discoursed from table tops, or they were forever in gaudy trappings riding forth a-colonelling. Parnell secreted himself from even his army, and issued orders as mysterious in their source, as silently delivered and as implicitly obeyed as the decrees of fate. Irish oratory had been in a tumultuous and turbid vein. Parnell believed in nouns and verbs, and his diction was nervous and blunt. Irish political generals had been like the archers who first shoot and then fix the target. Parnell aimed years before the bow came into his hands. A slender, delicate man, pale as a plate, dynamically forthright in thought, diabolically insidious in persuasion, inexorable in execution, he was as like John P. Altgeld, in all save his unrelaxing prudence, as twelve to a dozen. As for his one weakness, the weakness that proved his ruin—well, many people echo Stevenson's cry: "For God's sake, give me the man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

"EXPERTS"
IN
MURDER TRIALS.

So-called "experts," or alienists as they like to be called, who are to testify in her trial is sure to be just the experience nearly every other murderer has had of late years. One-half of the experts will solemnly swear that Maria was rational and responsible at the time of Cataldo's death. The other half will swear with exactly as much solemnity that she was then irrational and irresponsible. Thereupon the jury will do its best to reach a verdict from the consideration of which memory of the expert testimony will have been excluded as completely as possible.

The queer thing about this perennial farce is that it is thoroughly well understood by everybody. Nobody attaches the smallest importance to the evidence of the experts, and the experts themselves do not confine to their sleeves their laughter over the profitable joke they are thus enabled to play upon the taxpayers and the defendant's friends. Yet, useless, tedious and ridiculous as the whole expert business is, there is no way of escape from it, and it will probably prosper to the end of time. For if the State should attempt to conduct a murder trial without the aid of a reserve force of alienists the defendant's counsel would not fail to take advantage of the omission; and if there were no expert contradiction of expert assertion, the jury would be bound to give the assertion weight. Yet counsel for a person whose life is at stake cannot forbear to avail themselves of even the smallest chance of benefit from such testimony, and since the trial of Guitau have not forborne in any case except when innocence was the defence.

There is, of course, a remedy for this unlucky state of affairs. Alienists might turn honest and rigorously refrain from testifying according to their pockets. But it would be a waste of time and energy to consider that possibility in even jazy dreams of dreams.

That enterprising Canadian who has brought suit for \$25,000 on account of a cold contracted in one of Mr. Pullman's cars is to be admired for his courage. As a rule the patrons of Mr. Pullman are expected to pay liberally for everything they secure in his cars.

The wise Republican politicians who are trying to arrange for John Sherman's future all start out on the basis that he must have an assurance of a new official position before he can be induced to relinquish the one he now holds.

Mr. Thurber's letter to the Connecticut man who donated Mr. Cleveland's Thanksgiving turkey is a valuable contribution to current literature. When it comes to the art of being thankful for turkeys, Mr. Thurber has few peers.

The Ohio sandstone producers celebrated the election of McKinley by the organization of a trust. This is at the same time in the nature of a testimonial of the assistance furnished Mr. Hanna by the Cleveland Administration.

The movement at Washington to curtail the printing of public documents will be sure to incur the opposition of the public nuisances who have no other means of keeping their names and hobbies before the patient people.

The Race Question
in Cuba.

General Bradley T. Johnson has done a public service of importance in writing his communication for the Journal correcting the statement—that is the favorite expression of hostility by the Spanish party toward the Cuban insurgents—that they are engaged in converting Cuba into a San Domingo, and that the rebellion is substantially a negro revolt. There is, I think, a large inaccuracy in what General Johnson says about our Revolutionary war—that is, too sweeping a denunciation of land holders and business men—and a minor error or two, but there is an excellent and most satisfactory statement in general of the truth about the racial question in Cuba. I make a specification of dissent from part of a paragraph of what General Johnson says in order to give emphasis to the fact that he has done a gallant and suffering service.

I especially desire to invite the public attention to the fact that becomes of moment in this connection, that General Johnson is a Southern man, and, like his friend with whom he spent some time in Cuba—Consul-General Lee—a man competent, from his lifelong surroundings, to speak with force as to the part of the negroes in the war for liberty. General Johnson and General Lee were extraordinarily qualified to give just judgment in respect to Cuban affairs. First, for the reason that they were so far concerned in a "rebellion" as to have no prejudice per se against insurgents in the field against an established Government. The fact that the Cuban people are fighting the Government does not excite against them the animosities of Virginians and Marylanders who saw Confederate military service.

The military experience of General Lee and Johnson enabled them to form opinions worthy of attention as to the situation in Cuba, and to approximate to the truth notwithstanding the fogs of falsehood both of ideal and romantic.

And while these gentlemen are not implaceable on the mere matter of rebellion, we may be reasonably sure that they would not countenance a negro "strike" that was destroying a splendid Southern civilization. General Lee properly respects the etiquette of his official position and is not committal so far as the public at large is concerned. He is doing his duty, also, no doubt, in weighing the words in which he states the facts of the case of Cuba to the President of the United States.

Now the Spaniards, in their common inactivity against the Cubans in revolt, and their cartoons in papers professing to be so, but secretly malignant, assert that the rebellion in the rich island is a black man's affair, and essentially barbarous, and the fashionable cartoons represent a burly black man whose toes nails are parted like the hoofs of cattle, insulting, stabbing, vulgarly assailing a beautiful white woman, held to be the typical representative of Cuba! There are a thousand ways of propagating this infamy, and General Johnson's response will do a great deal of good, and ought to remove the apprehension in this country about the struggle that is grievously misrepresented as one to establish a larger Hayti.

General Johnson says: "It is reported that Mr. Cleveland has said that he will not be a party to adding another 'nigger State' to the Union," and the General says the President need not be concerned about that. We presume and trust Mr. Cleveland has not been talking about "nigger States." We have no such thing in our system, and it is an error, as General Johnson shows, to hold that the blacks are in a majority in Cuba. There are, to be sure, many people in the island of mixed blood. The great soldier Maceo is a quadroon, and there are aristocrats on his staff—the "best blood of Cuba"—who have no racial prejudices that reduce their estimation of their chieftain's military genius.

I have made a close examination of the census reports of Cuba, and asked many intelligent Spaniards and Cubans as to the numerical division of the races—and find that about one-third of the population are black and mixed—and two-thirds white. That is, there are one million white Cubans, and half a million black ones. If we are careful to count all the black octo-rons and fine shades of mixed blood as blacks, we may encroach a little on the white mass of one million, and add to the return of the blacks, but not materially.

It is my opinion that if Cuba should become a State of the United States she might become as useful politically, and as healthy, as she is important geographically, and as for that, look at the map and see how Cuba, with her west end between Florida and Yucatan, commands the American Mediterranean, and then sweeps away like a mighty curved sword southward through the tropical seas, that were for a century the scenes of the conflict for supremacy of Spain, England and France, then the great nations of the earth, for this was before the rise of the United States and Russia and Germany. But as these Cuban people capable of self-government? we are constantly asked. It is a question no citizen of a republic should ever ask—for who in all history ever governed a people better than they governed themselves? These people have been taught in sorrow by misgovernment to be good citizens of the great Republic. That will be, I trust and believe, the consummation of their freedom.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

Deplorable Disappearance
of the Herald and Sun.

From the Herald of Nov. 30.
THE MESSENGER,
CORTLAND, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1896.
NEW YORK HERALD, Herald Square, New York—

GENTLEMEN—Why is it that I call at so many news stands all over the country for a Herald or Sun and nothing to be had but a Journal or World?

Now, I do not like either one of those papers, and it makes me as hot as a little red dragon to chide around two or three news stands and find nothing but a World or Journal. I don't there some way that newspapers and news stands will have Heralds to sell as well as Worlds and JOURNALS?

I am a travelling salesman and feel lost without a Herald, as I always have it at home. Trusting that you can help out, I remain, very truly yours,
FRANK LAW,
Hotel Worden, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.		
ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Two Little Yagras	BAILEY OPERA HOUSE
AMERICAN THEATRE	The U. S. Navy	BAILEY'S 14TH ST. MUSICAL
BROADWAY THEATRE	Paradise Alley	Continued Performance
COLUMBIA THEATRE	Jack and the Beanstalk	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
CASTRO	London Assurance	LYON
EDEN THEATRE	World in Wax	MURRAY HILL THEATRE
EDEN THEATRE	A Fall of Fortune	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
EDEN THEATRE	A Naval Cadet	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
EDEN THEATRE	Secret Service	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
EDEN THEATRE	A Parisian Romance	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
EDEN THEATRE	My Friend from India	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY
EDEN THEATRE	The Mandarin	THE SEAS OF THE MIGHTY

THE LATEST CRITIC OF AMERICA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

M. R. G. W. STEEVENS, whose letters from the United States have caused his permanent engagement on the London Daily Mail, should get out his incubations in permanent form as a book because they are the brightest, deepest, keenest comments on what meets the eye of a tourist in our country that have ever been written. We cannot like all he says, and we can prove some of it to be incorrect, but as a rule, it is the truest and the fairest, as well as the kindest, comment we have known in many years. He is a remarkable man for breadth of view, for liberality, and for his judicial method of weighing great forces.

His letters on the American negro, the American breakfast, the food of Americans and on the democracy he found in a Western farming State are works too good to ever be lost or forgotten. Just at the moment that he finished his American correspondence, his publishers brought out his book on naval matters, and naturally that has to deal with America also.

Mr. Stevens frankly admits in his preface that his "Naval Policy" is largely made up of borrowing from naval experts, but he must be credited with the good sense to have followed only the best men, such as Admiral Colomb, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. W. H. Wilson and Mr. Laird Clowes. The book purports to deal, of course, with a comparison of the navies of the world with the British First Line Defence as a basis. It is needless to say that, in company with all writers on naval subjects, he begins with the platitudes that the British Navy is pre-eminently a fighting force; which means that England intends to give the first blow whenever it becomes necessary, and that she is not spending her millions on a purely defensive measure. Mr. Stevens does not part company with his colleagues who have arrayed themselves on the side of the "perpetual peace" party. The thing that most concerns us, however, is his view of the ships in the American Navy, which may be placed side by side with ships of their own class in the British force. For instance, we have all along flattered ourselves that our Columbia and Minneapolis were the finest cruisers in the world, but Mr. Stevens deposes them from their high estate by saying that their 22 and 23 knots are fictitious, and that they must give way to the British Terrible and Powerful in a test of endurance and speed.

I do not think that Mr. Stevens can be called an unkind critic of the United States. His writings have shown that, if anything, he is fairer to us than the large majority of foreigners whose impressions and opinions we have had to put up with. And yet his chapter on the United States Navy reflects the idea that it was written by a man whose sole source of information was derived from Brassy's Naval Annual, a publication, by the way, which is notoriously incorrect and carelessly put together. Mr. Stevens finds it impossible to believe that the new American fleet has been built for defence alone. He admits that no power, whether naval or otherwise, wishes to commit aggression upon the United States, and he shows that this idea prevails by the reception in Europe "of the recent insults bestowed both upon this country and upon Spain." Had any such aggressive projects been entertained by any European power these provocations would have been hailed as heaven-sent opportunities for going to war with a good cause; instead of which, "the transatlantic menaces were received with half amused, half distressed stupefaction."

Mr. Stevens sees no reason why we should build battle ships. He believes in the axiom that no naval fleet can contend with well-constructed and well-served shore defences. Hence the conclusion that the new navy is part of our general spirit

of "interference and money," which started with mere electioneering bluffs and has gradually settled itself into the fixed foreign policy of the United States.

We are causing the older nations much uneasiness. In fifty years we shall have become the strongest and greatest naval power in the world, and as a natural consequence our world will be international law. And I will show you how Mr. Stevens would have nipped this beautiful bud from its stem. Fortunately for us, neither he nor his expert friends were consulted during the recent Venezuelan crisis, or we should have been treated in a manner which I can best describe in his own words:

"From a military point of view, therefore, it seems a great pity that Lord Salisbury did not meet Mr. Cleveland's impetuosity of December, 1895, in a far more spirit. Had war come, we could probably have taken or destroyed most of the United States war ships and laid under contribution or destroyed New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans and San Francisco. Conquer the United States we could not—that is an impossibility. But with a few heavy blows at the outset we might have sickened them of the war and the new fleet at the same time. In a few years, when they feel themselves militarily stronger, this will also be an impossibility, and knowing the irresponsible nature of the Western Federation, welded together out of malcontents of every European people, the Old World will have to stand on guard."

Every naval writer dips into our ears the point that the stoutest ship in the world cannot stand without a strain the tremendous shock resultant of a simultaneous firing of a main battery like that of the Kearsarge class. Of course, these men talk theoretically. They have had no experience, nor has any one else, heretofore, of great guns mounted one on top of each other. Mr. Stevens is of the opinion that if it is risky to expose two guns in a turret or barbette to simultaneous disablement, it is much more so to expose four. The risk that both big guns may miss and two charges be wasted owing to an oscillation of the ship is likewise doubled, and I fear very much that in this instance the theoretical gentlemen have taken the wind out of her designer's sails. Still, if the Terror, which fired her ten-inch guns simultaneously on the 19th of this month, can go through such an experience without straining, it is reasonable to hope that great ships like the Kentucky and Kearsarge may go through their ordeals without damage, though that, of course, is a different condition altogether.

The Brooklyn, which we have considered the finest ship in the world, is here reduced to second place, under the Esmeralda, which Mr. Stevens states is "the finest ship of her class afloat." Englishmen will persist in calling the Katabadhi a battle ship of the third class, though with her miserable four six-pounders it is not very easy to see what she would do with, unless it be an ocean tramp converted into a cruiser. "Her price was \$180,000," says Mr. Stevens, "but it was probably all wasted, as almost any ship under steam could easily get out of the way of a low vessel plunging through the water at only sixteen knots."

"The rest of the United States navy," adds the writer, "is composed for the most part of slow gunboats of little military value, or of old ships classed as cruisers which fought with Farragut and Dahlgren thirty years ago in the civil war. Among these is the Hartford, Farragut's flagship at New Orleans, a wooden, single-crew frigate, which has been refitted with five-inch quick firers. With what object good guns and valuable men should be put aboard this ship, which was already obsolete when Farragut hoisted his flag, Heaven and the Washington Navy Board alone can tell."

A LEAFLET FROM THE
YELLOW KID'S DIARY.

"T O O S D Y—Say dat Missus Witney is a lovely girl did I go to her tea? well I guess. I luv dem elegant sussyety galls if it wuzn't for Liz I'd marry one o' dem.

"Say ain't tees funny rakits, wot? People jest cum an' giv' de galls d' glad hand an' dey all sit an' fawk jet like in de oper but dey don't drink tee, no, but I said sayin' wot dey do drink 'cause Liz made me sine d' play.

"Missus Witney is a peach, you little cumlin' luv she sez I'm so glad you cum. Tanks ole girl I sez, givin' her d' sussyety grip, bow's bizness? Say dem galls wuzn't doin' nothin' but laffin' but dey had sutch elegant luffs I jollied 'em along jest 't heer 'em. I seen Missus Aster cumin' an' I tride t' sneek but she wuz on t' me an' sez o dere's my lovely little milkey cum an' sit blisdes m' ewill ye hav sum ice cream.

"Shoor milk I sez, make it vanillier. Say did I like it milkey sez Missus Aster, wel I guess sez I, it beats hokey pokey out o' site. Wot's hokey pokey, sez she. Wot I sed, don't che no wot hokey pokey is, say wuz wuz you braun up.

"She laffed fit t' kill an' all dem older galls wid de moekln' boid laff dey laffed to. But che have tole me wot dat hokey pokey is Missus Aster sed. Hokey pokey, I sez, is d' stuff wot chey put on a penny a lump. But wot's it made out of she sez. Wel say I sez, if ye're so stunk on it gimme a penny an' I'll send you sum. Dey wuz jollin' me too fierce an' I wuz gettin' me mad up.

"Send me sum too, a lovely vishon at me. Wel say no mad went down wid a flop. Luvly kretcher I sed I'd be out d' giny for you. Den she gimme a kiss wot de ice cream wuzn't a marker to an' she sez t' Missus Aster he's my little boy now. Yes, I sez, did'te ever get left?

"Den Missus Witney cumms over an' wants t' no if things is o. k. Shure I sez, but do I get tee or do I get tee. You poor kid she sez, ye kin hav me wad. Den she brings me sum tee, say Mare Strawn' d' drop ded wid joi if he ever run up agen tee like dat.

"Dye like it Missus Witney sez. It's ausgezelnicht I sez—'cause I used t' no a boy hoose o' man wuz bounced 'um a Jolman collit—beets d' band. If I'd a had a bottl I'd taken sum wid me fer d' gote, say he's gaten on tee—gontee, say dere aint no flize on dat.

"Will ye hav sum pie sez Missus Aster. If it's lemmen merang I'll take sum I sez but it's ain't ye'd better rap it up an' I'll give it t' Liz. Liz ed dy cumin' ples. Wel sez Missus Aster if ye cum t' me hoos on Sunday I'll git ye sum lemmen merang pie. Is dat a go, I sez. Shoor milkey. Wel I sez wihin' me mout' ye kin kiss me if ye like."

Free advertising is as keenly appreciated by the heavy swells who go into trade as by anybody else that buys and sells for the money that's in it.

They never lose a trick to get their business addresses into the newspapers free of cost.

The entire family history is on tap; all the family connection may be drawn upon, and even a glimpse of the family skeleton may be had if the consequent story of these entertaining features of our aristocracy in trade shall contain specific mention of the place of barter.

If anybody thinks that the almighty dollar has lost any of its mightiness in New York society let him study the world attitude of our "society" tradespeople that are now prostrate at the foot of Mammon.

What is still more amusing—for all these things are an endless source of amusement to me—is the pretence made to social distinction by certain of the hol polloi in trade who are seeking to advertise themselves in the same way adopted by the others.

They see how readily the poor old public swallows the society-in-trade bait, and they make haste to get some of it on their own books, spurious though it be.

If this sort of thing continues we shall have only women of the Four Hundred in trade, just as we have only "actresses" hauled up in our police courts.

And yet what does it matter if we get our money's worth in the purchases we make?

Mrs. Sidney Harris is threatening us with another series of recitals, and Dr. Depew has entertained Mrs. Astor at dinner.

These two facts are in themselves ground enough, as such ground goes, for two beautiful romances.

First—Charming young matron, domestic infidelity, independence of character, the stage as a career.

Cheerful!

Second—Eligible widow, eligible widower, grand wedding and happy life together ever afterward.

NH!

Why nit? Because the chappies of this town have come to the very definite conclusion that any reference to matrimony in connection with Dr. Depew is a waste of words.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A Moment with the
Chappies.

Strange stories are told about the town concerning the condition of a certain young woman whose marriage within the last six months caused one of the greatest sensations of the season.

It is not my habit to credit the mere idle chatter of the chappies, but the information in this case comes to me through such sedate and serious channels that it seems impossible that the story should have been circulated without some evidence of its truth.

On the other hand, the character of the woman in question is so far above reproach that I am forced to consider the whole thing a lie until the contrary is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

And yet if the allegation should be true, many things that were utterly mysterious just before and at the time of the wedding would be cleared up at once.

Possibly it were a more charitable course to say nothing about these stories until their truth has been established absolutely. But the fashionable world does not conform to that usage itself, and it does not expect such conformation of me.

Indeed, I would be considered quite behind the times if I did not anticipate proof by serving rum hot from the griddle of gossip.

Moreover, it is surely a kindly act to prepare the unsuspecting for the shock that may come. Otherwise who shall say that any of us would be safe from paralysis.

It is entirely the right thing for Mrs. Drayton to marry again if she wishes to, and the sooner the better.

There can be no doubt that this disconsolate lady has been a source of serious embarrassment to her mother and friends.

Mrs. Astor, in spite of the bold and commanding front she always maintains toward the world, is a mother of most affectionate and impulsive instincts.

When "Jack" was married to Miss Willing a great load was lifted from her mind, because "Jack" was an impulsive, headstrong youth, who, once released from his mother's apron strings, might have gone off and done something awful.

Mrs. Charlotte Augusta Astor, now reported to be engaged to a London whiskey dealer, was thought to have made a very good match with Coleman Drayton.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Astor to Mr. "Rosie" Roosevelt was equally good, and the next one, that of Miss Carrie to Mr. Orme Wilson, was fairly satisfactory.

Of all Mrs. Astor's brood the only one that caused sorrow and distress was Mrs. Coleman Drayton.

Her career has carried poignant grief with it. The mother sought by every possible means to rehabilitate her daughter in New York society, but even her far-reaching influences were of no avail, and Mrs. Augusta Drayton, as she called herself after the very kind divorce her husband permitted her to take, became a resident of London and a casual traveller about the Continent.

The large settlement she had received from her father when she was married to Drayton reverted to her children upon her divorce, and was supposed to be a part of the bargain then made.

It has been currently reported that Mrs. Drayton has been rather hard up since then, and that she was dependent upon a small allowance made her by her mother. It is doubtless the smallness of this allowance that caused George Haig, her alleged intended, to come over here possibly looking for better pickings. They say he was once rich, but that African mines or a bad run of whiskey cut into his income.

None of the chappies that I know ever saw or heard of Haig at Newport, so that his visit to this country must have been very sub rosa, but yet rosy enough if the report be true that he won his point of getting a settlement out of Mrs. Astor. Of course the marriage of the daughter is a special intervention of Providence to Mrs. Astor and to Mrs. Drayton's other relatives.

She now disappears from the scene the accredited wife of a respectable Englishman. Her position in London society will scarcely be of the most exalted, and her cousin (Lord?) William Waldorf Astor is not apt to urge her to come often to Cliveden or his London residence.

Still she will have some one to look after her, and in this dreary waste of divorced women that is saying a great deal.

Free advertising is as keenly appreciated by the heavy swells who go into trade as by anybody else that buys and sells for the money that's in it.

They never lose a trick to get their business addresses into the newspapers free of cost.

The entire family history is on tap; all the family connection may be drawn upon, and even a glimpse of the family skeleton may be had if the consequent story of these entertaining features of our aristocracy in trade shall contain specific mention of the place of barter.

If anybody thinks that the almighty dollar has lost any of its mightiness in New York society let him study the world attitude of our "society" tradespeople that are now prostrate at the foot of Mammon.

What is still more amusing—for all these things are an endless source of amusement to me—is the pretence made to social distinction by certain of the hol polloi in trade who are seeking to advertise themselves in the same way adopted by the others.

They see how readily the poor old public swallows the society-in-trade bait, and they make haste to get some of it on their own books, spurious though it be.

If this sort of thing continues we shall have only women of the Four Hundred in trade, just as we have only "actresses" hauled up in our police courts.

And yet what does it matter if we get our money's worth in the purchases we make?

Mrs. Sidney Harris is threatening us with another series of recitals, and Dr. Depew has entertained Mrs. Astor at dinner.

These two facts are in themselves ground enough, as such ground goes, for two beautiful romances.

First—Charming young matron, domestic infidelity, independence of character, the stage as a career.